SIR MARTYN,

A POEM, IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

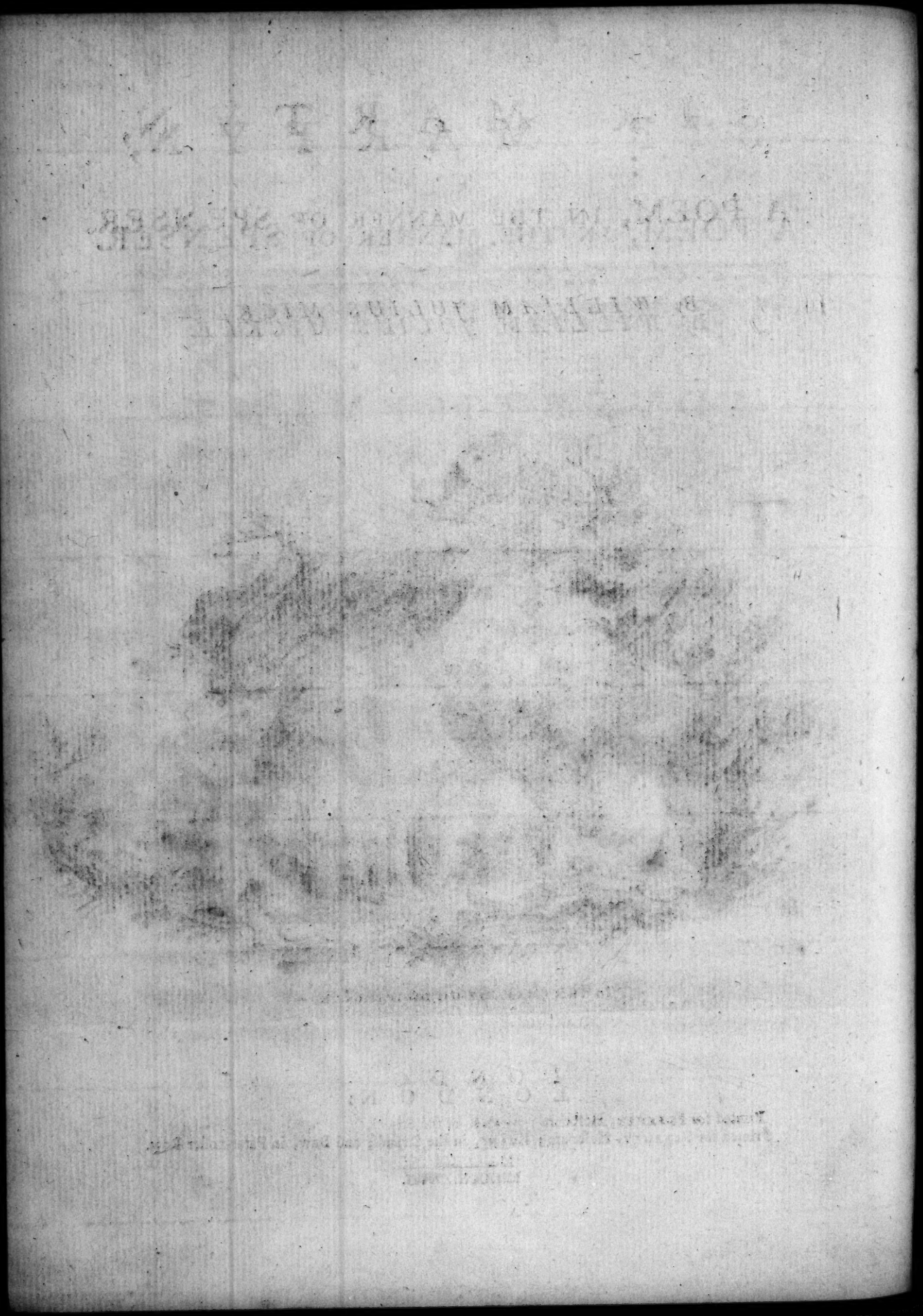
By *WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.*

TO THIS FELL CAVE GAY DISSIPATION LED —

LONDON:

Printed for FLEXNEY, Holbourn; EVANS, in the Strand; and BEW, in Pater-noster Row.

M.DCC.LXXVII.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Attempt in the Manner of Spenſer was firſt publiſhed in 1767, ſince which time it has paſſed through ſome Editions under the Title of the CONCUBINE; a title which, it muſt be confeſſed, conveyed a very improper idea both of the ſubject and ſpirit of the Poem. It is now more properly intitled SIR MARTYN, and the Author is happy to find that the public approbation of the Work has given him an opportunity to alter its name ſo much to advantage.

The firſt Publication was not accompanied with any prefatory Addreſs, by which either the intention of the Writer might be explained, or the candour of the Reader ſolicited. To ſolicit candour for the poetical execution he ſtill declines, for Taſte is not to be bribed; but perhaps juſtice to himſelf may require ſome explanation of his deſign, and ſome apology for his uſe of the Manner of Spenſer.

It is an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, That an intereſting moral is eſſential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmoſt importance both in the political and moral world; to throw, therefore, a juſt ridicule on the purſuits and pleaſures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the Gentleman, muſt afford an intereſting moral, but it is the management of the Writer which alone muſt render it ſtriking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this, the Author may decently aſſert, that to paint falſe pleaſure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike deſtructive to virtue and to happineſs, was, at leaſt, the purpoſe of his Poem.

It is alſo an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, That the ſubject of a poem ſhould be One; that every part ſhould contribute to the completion of One deſign, which, properly purſued, will naturally diffuſe itſelf into a regular Beginning, Middle, and End. Yet in attaining this Unity of the Whole, the neceſſary Regularity muſt ſtill be poetical, for the ſpirit of poetry cannot exiſt under the ſhackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to uſe the words of a very eminent Critic, "As there muſt "needs be a connexion, ſo that connexion will beſt anſwer its "end, and the purpoſe of the writer, which, whilſt it leads "by a ſure train of thinking to the concluſion in view, conceals "itſelf all the while, and leaves to the Reader the ſatisfaction of "ſupplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his

"own

" own mind, what is left in a ſeeming poſture of neglect and " inconnexion.

If therefore the delineation of the character of the Man of Birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable diſpoſition, is at once loſt to the Public and Himſelf; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far ſuch unity is attained, may perhaps be ſeen at one view in the following Argument.

After an innovation to the Genius of Spenſer, and propoſition of the ſubject, the Knight's firſt attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love of pleaſure, and diſſipation, with the influence over him which on this ſhe aſſumes, are parts which undoubtedly conſtitute a juſt Beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character,—in his domeſtic elegance of park, gardens, and houſe—in his unhappineſs as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a maſter to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the Middle, to which an allegorical cataſtrophe furniſhes the proper and regular End.

Some reaſons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenſer. To propoſe a general uſe of it were indeed

highly abſurd; yet it may be preſumed there are ſome ſubjects on which it may be uſed with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only ſay, That the fulneſs and wantonneſs of deſcription, the quaint ſimplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraſeology and manner of Spenſer are ſo happily and peculiarly ſuſceptible, inclined him to eſteem it not ſolely as the beſt, but the only mode of compoſition adapted to his ſubject.

GLOSSARY.

ACCLOYD, diſguſted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo Sax. Abnæban.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, alſo.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, at once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.

Bale, harm, ſorrow.
Beene, Frequently uſed by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be*.
Beſeene, becoming.
Blin, ceaſe, blinnan. Sax.
Brede, to knit, plait, bnæban.

Carle, old Man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a Peaſant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetiſe, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quaſi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Deſly neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, diſplayed.
Dearnly, ſadly, ſecretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, diſmal, frightful.

Eftſoons, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, alſo.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erſt, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.
Frytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fae, eCompanion.

Forby, beſide, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, buſtle.
Frayd, afraid.

Geer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, *gan*, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb *To have*.
Heare, Hair. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, ſlattern, coarſe.

Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to ſee.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree. *Dryd.*

Leache, Phyſician.
Lemman, Miſtreſs, Concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, baſely, fooliſhly.
Lieſeſt, deareſt.

Malengines, Perſons villainouſly employed, Toad-eaters.
Meint, mingled.
Merrimake, Paſtime.
Mery, pleaſant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, mot.
Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathleſſe, nevertheleſs, nabeleſ.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling.

Perdie, an Aſſeveration, *quaſi* verily.
Pierſant, piercing.
Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Propine, recompence.

Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, leave.

Read, to warn, to propheſy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, *ruthleſs*, pity, pityleſs.

Salews, ſalutes.
Sell, Saddle.
Semblaunce, Appearance.
Seneſhall, Maſter of Ceremonies, Steward.
Sheen, bright, ſhining, fine.
Shent, diſgraced, ſcenbe, ſcenbd.
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, *ſoothly*, truth, truly.
Stownd, } Emotion, Fit, Stir,
Stowre, } ſcyjuan.
Straine, Tenor.
Sues, purſues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.
Thewes, Habits, Manners.
Thilk, this, that.
Traines, Devices, Traps.
Tranſmewd, changed, tranſformed.
Treachor, Traitor, Deceiver.
Troublous, troubleſome.

GLOSSARY.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not eaſy, difficult.

Wareleſs, unſuſpecting.
Waſſal, feſtive.
Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go,
Weet, much the ſame as *ween*.
Weetleſs, thoughtleſs.

Whilom, formerly, hpilum.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, a hpæt, *aliquid*.
Whyleare, erewhile, hpilæn.
Wight, Perſon, pihte.
Wilding, the Crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreakfull, revengeful.

Yblends, mixes.

Yblent, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt,
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthhede, *quaſi* Youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old Engliſh Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular ſignification. The uſe of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conqueſt the ȝe gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenſer has alſo frequently followed the Saxon Formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a Subſtantive, it forms the plural number, as *Eyen*, Eyes, &c.

Sir MARTYN, &c.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleaſures faerie land,
Where Virtues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.

I.

AWAKE, ye Weſt Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freſhneſſe, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the ſtilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whiſpers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Deſmonds * mouldering turrets ſlowly ſhake
The trembling rie-graſs and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

* The caſtle of the earl of Deſmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was ſometime the reſidence of Spenſer, the place where he wrote the greateſt part of the FAERIE QUEENE.

II.

O for that nameleſſe powre to ſtrike mine eare,
That powre of charme thy Naiads once poſſeſt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs ſoothd the gentle breſt
Of hapleſſe SPENSER; long with woes oppreſt,
Long with the drowſie Patrons ſmyles decoyd,
Till in thy ſhades, no more with cares diſtreſt,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The ſabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wiſh; while rapt in viſions bleſt
The Muſes wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe dreſt
Brought forth her faerie knights in ſheen array
By forreſt edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the careleſſe Bard ſupine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peacefull paſt theſe houres of thine!
Ah! could a ſigh avail, ſuch ſweete calme peace were mine!

IV.

Yet oft, as penſive through theſe lawns I ſtray,
Unbidden tranſports through my boſome ſwell;
With pleaſing reverence awd mine eyes ſurvey
The hallowed ſhades where SPENSER ſtrung his ſhell.
The brooke ſtill murmurs through the buſhy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous riſe
The hills green tops; ſtill from her moſs-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the ſtockdove ſighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, ſtill feels new extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muſes of the native lay!
Ye who theſe bancks did whilom conſtant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladſom play!
Oh come once more! and with your magick ray
Theſe lawns transforming, raiſe the myſtick ſcene——
The lawns already own your vertual ſway,
Proud citys riſe, with ſeas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the ſky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the ſunne, a rock fantaſtick roſe;
From every rift the pink and primroſe ſmild,
And redd with bloſſoms hung the wildings boughs;
On middle cliff each flowry ſhrub that blows
On Mayes ſweete morne a fragrant grove diſplayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid choſe;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the ſhade
Advaunſt to meet my ſteps; for here me ſeemd I ſtrayd.

VII.

White as the ſnow-drop round his temples flowd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heavens lightning, ſocial mildneſſe glowd;
Yet when him liſt queynt was his leer and ſlie,
Yet wondrous diſtant from malignitie;
For ſtill his ſmyle did forcibly diſcloſe
The ſoul of worth and warm hart-honeſtie:
Such winning grace as Age but rare beſtows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering roſe.

VIII.

Of ſkyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle looſely tyd his waiſt
Enwove with many a flowre from many a ſhore,
And half conceald and half reveald his veſt,
His veſt of ſilk, the Faerie Queenes bequeſt
What time ſhe wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addreſt
To ſpeech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildeſt proſpect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy deſire
The wilderneſs of life extenſive lies;
The path of bluſtering fame and warlike Ire,
Of ſcowling Powre and lean-boned Covetiſe,
Of thoughtleſſe Mirth and Folly's giddy joys;
And whither all thoſe paths illuſive end,
All theſe at my command didactick riſe,
And ſhift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He ſaid, and to the field did ſtrait his arm extend.

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, riſe all around,
But certes, lever would I ſee and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And faireſt bloom no ripend fruit will bear:
Oft have I ſhed, perdie, the bitter tear
To ſee the ſhoots of Vertue ſhrink and dy,
Untimely blaſted in the ſoft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works ſuch villainy,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

XI.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foreſee the ſorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, quoth he, my Boſom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early ſtage,
Where Diſſipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the Wizards ſaws diſperſe to flight
The ills that ſoon will warre againſt them wage,
Ne may the ſpells that lay the church-yarde Spright,
From Pleaſures ſervile bands releaſe the luckleſs Wight.

XII.

This truth to tell, ſee yonder lawnſkepe riſe,
An ample field of Britiſh clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick Eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, though the rural ſcene
Has by a thouſand artiſts pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire beſeene:
So ſhall theſe lawns preſent one lawnſkepe more;
For certes where we ſtand ſtood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight——
Fleet as he ſpake ſtill roſe the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the ſight;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to ſee,
The caſtle in the ſunny vale yſtood;
All round the eaſt grew many a ſheltering tree,
And on the weſt a dimpling ſilver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

XIV.

How ſweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleaſaunce mote a learned wight enjoy
Emong the hills and vales and ſhady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom ſalews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnſkepe to adorn;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden ſtore
Pomona laviſhes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb ſo hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins ſheene to ſee,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodſtocks laughing Swain
And Avons Bard of peerleſſe memorie
To ſaunter through the daſie-whitened plain,
When Fancys ſweeteſt Impe Dan Spenſer joins the train.

XVI.

Ne to Syr MARTYN hight were theſe unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant ſteps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing ſhape, ſtood round his morning bed:
Such happineſs bloomd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taſte,
From him, alas! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors ſtill his cheated arms embraced;
Where all ſeemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary waſte.

XVII.

Juſt when he had his eighteenth ſummer ſeen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As careleſſe ſauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the cloſing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN friſk'd that way;
A roguiſh twinkling look the gypſie caſt,
For much ſhe wiſhd the lemmans part to play;
Nathleſſe unheeding on his way he paſt,
Ne enterd in his heart or wiſh or thought unchaſt.

XVIII.

Right plump ſhe was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her eaſie waiſte in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her ſhoulders ſleek,
And halfe her boſome heaving met the ſight,
Whiles gayly ſhe accoſts the ſober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe ſparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake ſhe trips the Knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But ſoon he ſtarten up, more gameſome by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth ſhe, you think to win a kiſs,
But certes you ſhall woo and ſtrive in vain.
Faſt in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan ſhe of ſhame and haviour vild complain,
While baſhfully the weetleſſe Boy did look:
With cunning ſmyles ſhe viewd his awkward pain;
The ſmyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrin then a kiſs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet paſt the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought beſtowd on what would ſurely be;
But well his Aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And ſore ſhe feard her auncient familie
Should now be ſtaind with blood of baſe degree:
For ſooth to tell, her liefeſt hearts delight
Was ſtill to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute yſprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baſelie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights ſhe ſchemd to ſhonne thilk foull diſgrace,
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath ſhe vowd:
Yet could ſhe not with cunning portaunce ſhroud,
So as might beſt ſuccede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild ſhrt aloud;
That ſoon ſhe ſhould her graceleſſe thewes repent,
And ſtand in long white ſheet before the parſon ſhent.

XXII.

So ſpake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the ſcenerie roſe, where liſtleſs lay
The Knight in ſhady bowre, by ſtreamlet lavd,
While Philomela ſooth'd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her ſtore of blandiſhments and wiles;
The Knight was touchd—but ſhe with ſoft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid ſmiles,
And of baſe falſitie th' enamourd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring ſtare,
What mean theſe ſighs? diſpell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare.
And need, quoth ſhe, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Loſt is my friends good-will, my mother's care—
By you deſerted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your Aunts fell ſpight, and wreakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt! quoth he, forſooth ſhall ſhe command?
No; ſooner ſhall yond hill forſake his place,
He laughing ſaid, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand ſhe ſhifted to her blubberd face
With prudiſh modeſtie, and ſobd, Alas!
Grant me your bond, or elſe on yonder tree
Theſe ſilkin garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! ſhall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghoſtes ſhall bring all hell to thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareleſs wight,
As when, aloft on well-ſtored cherrie-tree,
The thieviſh elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
And will my bond forefend thilk miſerie?
That ſhalt thou have; and for thy peace beſide,
What mote I more? Houſekeeper ſhalt thou be —
An awfull oath forthwith his promiſe tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blytheſome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell ſick for very dole to ſee
Her kindeſt counſels ſcornd, and ſore did pine:
To think what well ſhe knew would ſhortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole ſhe died. Oh ſad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which ſhe did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has ſhe ſat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee ſo kind with many a daintie cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the goſſamer in ſummer ſhades
Extends its twinkling line from ſpray to ſpray,
Gently as ſleep the weary lids invades,
So ſoft, ſo gently Pleaſure mines her way:
But whither will the ſmiling Fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Beſtrew her path, to defarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

XXVIII.

Ah! ſays the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie ſenſe that faireſt bloſſoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whiſpering gale,
His native goodneſſe, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Diſſipation hight
Has ſhedd, with ſubtil ſtealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poiſon, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery waſtes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At firſt the trader's beverage ſhylie taſtes;
But ſoon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he luſts for the delirious cheer:
So burſts the Boy diſdainful of reſtrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrkſome hangs the day in ſports unſpent.

XXX.

Now fly the waſſal ſeaſons wingd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The Springs green months ycharmd with Cocking flee,
The jolly Horſe-race Summers grand employ,
His Harveſt Sports the foxe and hare deſtroy;
But the ſubſtantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
With Englands cauſe, and ſwell his mightie ſoul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers ſnout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge perſewd,
Through marſh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and delve and [dale;
To hear his hair-breadth ſcapes would make you pale;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumſtance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting ſett.

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with ſparkling eyes
Beholds the ſpringing Racers ſweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the poſt the foremoſt flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The courſers groan, the cracking whips reſound:
And gliding with the gale they ruſh along
Right to the ſtand. The Knight ſtares wildly round
And, riſing on his ſell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noiſe of all the noiſie throng.

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight perſewd the ſhaddow Joy,
As youthly ſpirits thoughtleſſe led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to pleaſe, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the careleſſe wight
Reſigns himſelf to her capricious ſway:
Then ſoon, perdie, was never charme-bound ſpright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe ſuch pitteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accompliſhd, and her hopes at ſtay,
What need her now, ſhe recks, one ſmyle beſtow;
Each care to pleaſe were trouble thrown away,
And thriftleſſe waſte, with many maxims moe,
As, What were ſhe the better did ſhe ſo?
She conns, and freely ſues her native bent:
Yet ſtill can ſhe to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with ſnuff in tawdrie gown ſhe went,
Though peeviſh were her ſpleen and rude her jolliment.

XXXV.

As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin ſings,
Lively with joy, till on a luckleſſe thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings; X
The more he flutters ſtill the more foredone:
So fares it with the Knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling ſhun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

D

X The wings of a linnet are not gaudie.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoary weſtern hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to reſt his chin,
When not a breeze diſturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gameſome Trout then ſhews her ſilverie ſkin,
As wantonly beneath the wave ſhe glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, diſplays her ſides,
While ſhe with frequent leape the ruffled ſtreame divides.

XXXVII.

On the greene banck a truant Schoolboy ſtands;
Well has the urchin markt her mery play,
An aſhen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly acroſs her way;
Aſkaunce, with wiſtly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with ſpeckled wings ſo gay;
Then, ſlylie nibbling, prudiſh from it flies,
Till with a bouncing ſtart ſhe bites the truthleſs prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze ſhe feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, ſhe runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepeſt rocke, her late delight,
In vain the ſedgy nook for help ſhe tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled ſtill the more ſhe flies,
And ſoon amid the graſs the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity! where that ſprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with bluſhes coy,
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling ſtreame, ſhe pants, ſhe gaſps and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the Boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noiſe
Have left him now, involvd, his Lemman's hapleſs prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her ſway;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her ſweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happieſt freaks, that Nature undefaced
Received new charmes; ah, ſee, how foul diſgraced
Now lies thilke parke ſo ſweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waſte;
The bowling-greene has loſt its ſhaven flore,
And ſnowd with waſhing ſuds now yawns beſide the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the panſie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus ſpeckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confuſion grew
Emong the roſe-buſh roots and eglantine;
Theſe now their place to cabbages reſign,
And tawdrie peaſe ſupply the lillys ſtead;
Rough artichokes now briſtle where the vine
Its purple cluſters round the windows ſpread,
And laiſie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
Where oft, by moonſhine, on the daiſied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping ſide by ſide,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were ſeene;
Or where the clear canal ſtretchd out atweene,
Deffly their locks with bloſſomes would they brede;
Or, reſting by the primroſe hillocks ſheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut ſhade,
They ſung their loves the while the fruitage gaily ſpread:

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of bloſſome ſtrewd the plain;
The hillocks gently riſing through the land
Muſt now no trace of Natures ſteps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the ſwain,
And bluiſh lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moſs-floord filbert bowres had beene,
Is now a turnip fielde and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, yclepd by houſewives THRIFT,
All this deviſd for trim Oeconomie;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
Coarſe were her looks, yet ſmoothe her courteſie,
Hoyden her ſhapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And ſtill ſhe plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To ſave the ſmalleſt crombe her pleaſure and deſyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her ſteps were ſoft and ſlow,
Faſt at her ſide a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull Care ſat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet ſparing though ſhe beene her gueſtes emong,
Ought by herſelfe that ſhe mote gormandiſe,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her guſt ſuffice;
Albee in varied ſtream, ſtill was it Covetiſe.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion, for in ſoothly guiſe
She was her genius and her counſellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wiſe
Bedeck each room, and much can ſhe deſpiſe
The Knights complaints, and thriftleſſe judgment ill:
Eke verſd in ſales, right wondrous cheap ſhe buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though uſeleſs, cheap they beene, and cheap ſhe purchaſd ſtill.

XLVII.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to ſing and worken all the day,
At ſeedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harveſt feaſt ſtill firſt did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homeſpun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with ſocial hoſpitable glee
The village hearths at Chriſtmas-tide reſound,
No more the Whitſun gamboll may you ſee,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-ſinking penurie
And hopeleſſe care on every face is ſeen,
As theſe the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering ſome words with ſerious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, they muſt heed the ſame,
And quight thoſe fieldes their yeomen grandſires plowd
Eer ſince black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Creſſie field the Knights old grandſire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

L.

But now the orphan ſees his harveſt fielde
Beneath the gripe of Laws ſtern rapine fall,
The friendleſſe widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to ſome poor hutt with earthen wall:
And theſe, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, ſooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full ſore
Such ſinfull deeds to ſee: yet ſuch his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except ſhe willd the ſame before.

LI.

Oh wondrous Powre of Womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too ſecure may be!
Not Circes cup may ſo transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee;
Lo, manly Senſe, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy ſpells, thy crowching ſlave is ſeen;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every braveſt virtue, ſooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

qu? dark

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthleſſe bondage on his ſlave impoſe,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can;
Ne may the Knight eſcape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs ſome mountains brows,
With painful ſtruggling up the ſteep height ſtrains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but ſtrength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a ſtep he gains;
So toils the powreleſſe Knight beneath his ſervile chains.

deftly

LIII.

His lawyer now aſſumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and paſſing ſlie;
Slow was his ſpeeche, and ſolemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt ſo high;
Pleaſd Dullneſs baſking in his gloſſie eye,
The ſmyle would oft ſteal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peaſant dares invade the game:
But certes, ſeven yeares rent was ſoon his own juſt claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending caſe.
The Knights gay bloome the while ſlid faſt away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile diſgrace,
And ſtraitens ſtill the more his galling thrall:
See now what ſcenes his houſhold hours debaſe,
And riſe ſucceſſive in his cheerleſſe hall.
So ſpake the Seer, and prompt the ſcene obeyd his call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien,
And diſcompoſd yon ſtranger he receives;
Lo, how with ſulkie look, and moapt with ſpleen,
His frowning miſtreſſe to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will ſhe heed, ne will ſhe ſign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward bluſhes ſaves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cauſe did ſtill his lips inſpire;
He begs the Knight by friendſhips long agone
To ſhelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whoſe cheereſſe fire
Sat Grief, and pale Diſeaſe. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmoſt hearts deſire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confuſd, and ſtung
With inward pain, he looks, and ſilence guards his tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges ſtill,
See, how with ſidelong glaunce and haviour ſhy
He ſteals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an aſſent to ſpy.
Look as he will, yet will ſhe not comply.
His friend with ſcorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the burſting laugh reſtrain,
While manlie Honour frowns on his unmanlie ſtain.

LVIII.

Let other ſcenes now riſe, the Wizard ſaid:
He wavd his hand, and other ſcenes aroſe.
See there, quoth he, the Knight ſupinely laid
Invokes the houſehold houres of learnd repoſe;
An auncient Song its manly joys beſtows:
The melting paſſion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breaſt; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildeſt reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind Faire, and wooes the lovely ſhade.

LIX.

Tranſported he repeats her conſtant vow,
How to the green wode ſhade, betide whateer,
She with her baniſhd Love would fearleſſe goe,
And ſweet would be with him the hardeſt cheer.
Oh heaven! he ſighs, what bleſſings dwell ſincere
In love like this!—But inſtant as he ſighd,
Burſting into the room, loud in his ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that truſts in man before ſhe bees his bride!

LX.

And muſt ſome Lemman of a whiffling ſong
Delight your fancy! ſhe diſdainful cries;
When ſtrait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheiſe in ſpleene the father means chaſtiſe,
But from his kindlie hand ſhe ſaves him ſtill;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wiſe
Yon yellow elfe ſhe little ſpares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its ſtubborn will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoſte that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aſwoon
The Knight ſtares round; yet good nor bad he ſed.
Alas! though trembling anguiſh inward bled,
His beſt reſolve ſoon as a meteor dies:
His preſent peace and eaſe mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks moſt wondrous wiſe,
As from himſelf he hopd his grief and ſhame diſguiſe.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whoſe hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His miſtreſſe with her liefeſt companie,
A rude unletterd herd! with deareſt glee,
Enjoys each whiſper of her neighbours ſhame;
And ſtill anon the flaſk of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Eſcapes their blaſting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones ſhe ſate,
Making ſweete ſolace of ſome ſcandall new,
A boiſtrous noiſe came thondring at the gate,
And ſoon a ſturdie boy approachd in view;
With gold far glitteraund were his veſtments blue
And pye-ſhapd hat, and of the ſilver ſheen
An huge broad buckle glaunſt in either ſhoe,
And round his necke an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a ſwitch: a jolly wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he ſaild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus ſlacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal ſteepe,
And Oceans waves like molten ſilver ſeem)
Eke had he ſeen, with dimond glittering beam,
The ſtarre of morn awake the roſeate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus ſtream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight ſkyes appeares the milky way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent ſped:
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer ſmiles
At Chriſtmas tide, where other heavens are ſpred,
Beſprent with ſtarres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the ſun of noone is ſeene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama ſaild, there had he beene,
Gama*, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly Queene.

* See the LUSIAD.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coaſt
Where bold Neârch young Ammons fleet did guide;
A taſk ſo dred the world-ſubduing hoſt
Could not another for ſuch feats provide:
And often had he ſeen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did ſay
None but th' immortal Gods had ever ſpyd;
Which ſight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote ſee it more als he the Gods did pray*.

LXVII.

Through theſe outlandiſh ſhores and oceans dire
For ten long ſeaſons did the younkling toil,
Through ſtormes, through tempeſts, and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while
Of yet reviſiting his natal ſoil:
And oft, when flying in the monſoon gale,
By Æthiopias coaſt or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans boſom pale,
The ſhip hung on the winds with broad and ſteadie ſail:

* For this ſpeech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, ſee Q. Curtius.

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-ſpred wing unmovd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid ſkye he ſheer deſcends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The ſcenes of promiſt bliſs would warm the Boy;
To meet his brother with each wiſh yblends,
And friendſhips glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To ſpy the ſtreamlett or the elm-tree ſhade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry childhoode playd:
But all was changd!—Unweetingly diſmayd
A cold foreboding impulſe thrills his breaſt;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd
When entering in ſhe kens the ſtranger gueſt:
Then with ſad mien ſhe roſe, and kindlie him embraſt.

LXX.

Great marvell at her ſolemn cheer he made;
Then, ſobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, ſhe gently ſaid;
But what miſhap! our infant familie,
The deareſt babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight:
What ſhall we do!—great were your courteſie
To lodge in yonder tenants houſe to night;
The ſkilfull leache forbids that noiſe my babes ſhould fright.

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-houſe nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a goſſip pert and ſly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duſke ſuſpend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural ſportes arrives the Knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he ſhares,
His hall reſounds!—amazd the ſtranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell deſpight.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of ſtranger gueſt; Go, bid him welcome here;
What ſeeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You ſeek? ſays to the Boy the meſſenger.
To ſee the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he ſcornes to come; the ſervant ſaid.
Go, bid him ſtill, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywiſe the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and ſtill his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hoſteſſe, ſoon will waſte
His faire eſtate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie faſt.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with ſpeed,
And wiſe he lookt, and wiſely ſhook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his ſteed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely ſhent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of ſtranger gueſt; Go, bid him welcome here;
What feeke he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You feek? ſays to the Boy the meſſenger.
To ſee the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he ſeemes to come; the ſervant ſaid.
Go, bid him fitt, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywile the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and fitt his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the noſtle, ſoon will wafte
His faire eſtate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie fitt.
Next morne a lawyer beene vbrought with ſpeed,
And wile he lookt, and wifely thook his hede,
Him now improved the youth with rage vblent
Vows never to retourne; then reunts his ſteed,
And leaves the place in ſaucy hugely ſhent:
All which to Kathrine mind gave woodnes great conſtraint.

CANTO II.

In muſefull ſtownd Syr Martyn *rews*
His Youthhedes thoughtleſſe ſtage;
But Diſſipation haunts him to
The bloſſomes of old age.

I.

WITH gracefull pauſe awhile the Wizard ſtood,
Then thus reſumd,—As he whoſe homeward way
Lies through the windings of ſome verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He ſues the flowery ſteps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnſkepe new
Burſts on his ſight; yet, never once aſtray,
Still home he wends: ſo we our theme purſue,
Through many a bank and bowre cloſe following ſtill our cue.

II.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive ſtreame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance ſhed;
Safe from the thonder ſhowre and ſcorching beame
Their faerie charmes the ſummer bowres diſplaid;
Wyld by the bancks the baſhfull cowſlips ſpread,
And from the rock above each ivied ſeat
The ſpotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kiſt the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde ſo ſweet.

III.

As winds the ſtreamlett ſerpentine along,
So leads a ſolemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and ſecret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-ſtreakd ſkyes
A ſhatterd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The ſhee-goat from its height the lawnſkeper eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck repliss.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had paſt the Sommers morne
What time the wondering Boy to manhood roſe,
When Fancy firſt her lawnſkepes gan adorne,
And Reaſons folded buddes their flowres diſcloſe,
What time young Tranſport through the ſpirits flows,
When Nature ſmyles with charmes unſeen before,
When with unwonted hopes the boſome glows,
While wingd with whirlwind ſpeed the thoughts explore
The endleſſe wylde of joys that Youth beholds in ſtore.

V.

The Dryads of the place, that nurſt the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hycinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
His youthful breaſt confeſt the wondrous ſpell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre deſign,
The friend and patriot now his boſome ſwell,
The lover and the father now combine,
And ſmyling viſions form, where bliſs and honour join.

VI.

Of theſe loved ſoothings this the loved retreat
Muſt now no more with dreams of bliſs decoy;
Yet here he liken ſtill himſelf to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
Oh loſt to peace, he ſighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh loſt to every worth that life adorns! —
Oh loſt to peace, to elegance, and joy!
Th' aërial Genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as he ſpake the magic lawnſkepe roſe,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight beſtows
An houre to thought and Reaſons whiſpers ſtill;
Whiles, as a nightly viſion boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering ſwayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biaſt will,
Frowns on him ſterne, and honeſt Shame gins fayne
In her reflective glaſs his life's ignoble ſtraine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes ſhe ſhews and ſhews againe:
How oft haſt Thou, ſhe cries, indignant viewd
The titled Cypher and his ſolemn traine,
The buſie face, and dull ſolicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a ſoul to reach one noble aim,
Nor ſoul, nor wiſh—whoſe vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden buſt the ſacred wreath of Fame:

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aſpire,
By labouring in the Britiſh clime to rear
Thoſe arts that quencht prowd Romes patrician fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick ſpear;
Illuſtrious cares! befitting patriot peer!
Italian ſing-ſong and the eunuchs ſquall!
Such arts as ſoothd the baſe unmanly ear
Of Greece and Perſia bending to their fall;
When Freedome bled unwept, and ſcornd was Glorys call.

X.

While theſe thy breaſt with ſcorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would diſcloſe!
As Fancy painted and thy wiſh inſpird,
What glorious ſcenes beneath thy ſhades aroſe!
Britannias guardians here diſpell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There Albion, ſmyling on their learnd repoſe,
Sees manly Genius in their influence ſmile,
And ſpread the hallowd ſtreames of Virtue round the ile.

XI.

How bleſt, ah Heaven! ſuch ſelfe-approving houres,
Such views ſtill opening, ſtill extending higher,
Cares whence the ſtate derives its firmeſt powres,
And ſcenes where Friendſhip ſheds her pureſt fire!
And did, ah ſhame! theſe hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame!—As lorn the ſpendthrift ſtands,
Who ſees the fieldes bequeathed him by his ſire,
His own no more, now reapt by ſtrangers hands;
So languid muſt I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then enſue; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the ſtreame he lay,
While ſoftlie ſtealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal ſcene would hold a moments ſway,
And the domeſtick houre all ſmyles diſplay,
Where fixt eſteeme the fond diſcourſe inſpires:
Now through his heart would glide the ſprightlie ray
Where Married Love bids light his pureſt fires,
Where Elegance preſides, and wakes the Young Deſires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind;
Shockd he beholds the odious colours riſe,
Where ſelfiſhneſſe, low pride and ſpleen combind,
Bid every anguiſhd thought his mate deſpiſe,
His mate unformd for ſweete Affections ties:
Grovling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in ſtifled ſighs;
But ſoon his paſſion burſts with ſuddein ſtart:
His children ſtrike his thoughts with lively pierſant ſmart.

XIV.

The mothers baſeneſſe in their deeds he ſees,
And all the wounded father ſwells his breaſt:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footſteps haſte,
While ſullenly he ſoothes his ſoul to reſt:
Meantime the opening proſpect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres ydreſt,
His Britiſh chaplet, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the ſmyling plains.

XV.

Still as he ſlow aſcends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches riſe,
The fieldes ſtill lengthening ſhew their crowded charms
In fayre perſpective and in richeſt guiſe:
His ſweeping ſcythe the white-ſleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acroſſe the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy ſtreame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders ſeeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erſt an oak
Dan Æols bluſtering ſtormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong ſhock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid craſh on All Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk ſoon ſprouting ſaplings roſe,
And round the parent ſtock did ſhadowy ſwell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twiſted boughs,
And by their moſs-greene roots invite the ſwains repoſe.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he penſive leans,
And round the various lawnſkepe raunge his eyes:
There ſtretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the ſight: there, to the peaceful ſkyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars riſe:
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With ſheep faire ſpotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blaſted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duſkie ſea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the ſunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now gilds the woody dale,
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance gliſtens clear and pale;
And white from farre appeares the frequent ſail,
By Traffick ſpread. Moord where the land divides,
The Britiſh red-croſs waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ſhip rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port preſides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the Britiſh powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his ſoul: Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Britannias navies greatly dare,
And through the vaſſal ſeas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
And bid the Britiſh Throne the mighty Whole ſuſtain.

XX.

With what ſuperiour luſtre and command
May ſtedfaſt Zeal in Albion's Senate ſhine!
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand!
How baſe the hand that can ſuch Meed decline!
And was, kind Fate! to ſnatch theſe honours mine?
Yes! greene they ſpred, and fayre they bloomd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine;
Oh loſt, vain Trifler, loſt in each degree!
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious ſmiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the Plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerfull Plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe ſpreads.
What noble Meed the honeſt Stateſman gains,
Who through theſe publique nerves new vigour ſheds,
And bids the Uſeful Artes exalt their drooping heads:

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loome
His Countrys greatneſſe, ſees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world aſſume,
And ſpread her juſtice as her glories wide —
Oh wonder of the world, and faireſt pride,
Britannias Fleet! how long ſhall Pity mourn
And ſtain thy honours? from his weeping Bride
And ſtarving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with ſinking heart his taſk he plies,
His Brides diſtreſſe his reſtleſſe fancy ſees,
And fixing on the land his earneſt eyes,
Cold is his breaſt and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye ſons of courtlie Eaſe,
And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let Intereſt plead:
Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
Say, ſhall a Fathers anguiſh be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his ſoul, and blight each mighty deed?

XXIV.

Whatever Party boaſts thy glorious name,
O Thou reſervd by Heavens benign decree
To blaſt thoſe artes that quench the Britiſh flame,
And bid the meaneſt of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity ſhall owe to Thee!
And ſhall that palm unenvyd ſtill remain!
Yet hear, ye Lordlings, each ſeveritie,
And every woe the labouring tribes ſuſtain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and dims his honours vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long ſmotherd fires broke forth,
The rouſing muſicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the North
Where bends the hill, the ſounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal ſalute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the ſwelling lay;
The Youths on courſers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremoſt of the fray;
Away! the jolly Huntſman cries; and Echoe ſounds, Away!

XXVI.

Now han the beagles ſcourd the buſhy ground,
Till where a brooke ſtrays hollow through the bent,
When all confuſd, and ſnuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haſte explord the ſcent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was ſpent;
The Huntſman from his ſtand his arts had ſpyd,
Had markt his doublings and his ſhrewd intent,
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward plyd
His track ſome twentie roods, then bounding ſprong aſide.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening everie ſound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickeſt buſh he ſlylie lept,
And wary ſcuds along the hawthorne ſhade,
Till by the hills ſlant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: Emblem meet
Of wylie ſtateſman of his foes adred;
He oft miſguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilſt himſelf winds off with ſlie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntſman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an inſtant ſlain:
Then opening loud, the beagles ſcent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noiſe,
Till plonging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his hole, upſtarts to open ſky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid ſound
The Pack attonce ruſh on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and ſides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flaſh wylde red ſparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the ſwaird his breath and ſtrength expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oake-crownd hill,
Down the ſteep furzie height he ſlow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating ſtill;
While grief and ſhame by turns his boſom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmoſt ſpray,
The ſootie Blackbird chaunts his veſpers ſhrill;
While Twilight ſpreads his robe of ſober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their way:

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam; while on the diſtant Eaſt
Led by her ſtarre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending foreſt, and with rays increaſt
Aſcends; while trembling on the dappled Weſt
The purple radiance ſhifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green impreſt
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace aſſumes her woodland ſway.

XXXII.

All was repoſe, all but Syr Martyns breſt;
There, Paſſions tearing guſts tempeſtuous riſe.
Are theſe, he murmurs, theſe my friends! the beſt
That croud my hall! the Sonnes of madning Noiſe,
Whoſe warmeſt friendſhip with the revel dies?
Whoſe glee it were my deareſt peace deſtroy,
Who with my woes could ſport, my wrongs deſpiſe;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their baſe-tongued witt employ:

XXXIII.

Whoſe converſe, oft as fulſom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
Theſe modern ravings of Philoſophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance, and Gloſs unfair,
Which honeſt Dullneſs would with ſhame deny;
The hope of Baſeneſs vaumpt in Candours air:
Good Heaven! are ſuch the friends that to my hearth repair!

XXXIV.

The Man of Worth ſhuns Thy reputeleſſe dore;
Even the old Peaſant ſhakes his ſilverd head,
Old ſaws and ſtories babbling evermore,
And adding ſtill, Alas, thoſe dayes be fled!
Here Indignation pauſd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his houſhold ſmoke aſcends;
Wakd at the ſight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his boſome rends:
And now the keene Reſolve its gleaming comfort lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My Knight ſhould riſe the flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then ſhould ſee,
Britannias Genius ſhould his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the rock by Dragon to be ſlain;
But he the Virgin Princeſſe ſoon ſhould free,
And ſtretch the monſter breathleſſe on the plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, ſhould never riſe again.

XXXVI.

Eke ſhould he, freed from foul Enchaunters ſpell,
Eſcape his falſe Dueſſas magicke charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms;
While Bardes and Minſtrales chaunt the ſoft alarms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke ſhould I ſing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feaſt, ſervd up by Seneſhall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie ſoothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantaſie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the beſt good heart its bliſs ſecure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In arduous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing ſure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie Jove beſtowd
On this faire Nymph: the legend thus is told.
To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd;
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
Some Peaſants babe, expoſed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite Satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen ſpringtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow and Huntreſſe ſpear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her mind received chaſt *Phœbes* lore,
Fain would ſhe at the chace ſtill lag behind:
One ſultry noone, as *Phœbe* ſped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, Fan my breaſt, ſhe cried, Oh Weſtern Wind!
Soon at the wiſhd-for word *Favonius* came.
From that day forth the conſcious Nymph declind
The near inſpection of the Sovereign Dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her ſhame.

XL.

Her throes with ſcorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
Still change thy bluſhing hue, the Goddeſs cryd:
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade
Her limbs; and now, with ſuddein leaves arrayd,
A *Ruſſian Poppey* ſhe tranſmewd remains;
The various colours ever riſe and fade,
The tints ſtill ſhifting mock the Painters pains;
And ſtill her drowſie mood the beauteous Nymph retains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowry ſhore,
From earlieſt youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And reſtleſſe, as the dove *Deucalion* ſent
To ſpy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round the day in vain was ſpent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan riſe,
To fayre PARNASSUS groves ſhe took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thouſand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As ſoon the wreath ill ſorted would ſhe quight:
Ne ever did ſhe climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore its lofty height,
Ne did ſhe ever taſte the ſacred rill
From Inſpirations fount that ever doth diſtill.

XLIII.

Her ſprightly levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowſy dulneſs from her Mother ſprong;
This never would allow her mind aſpyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as ſhe ſlightly rovd the lawns among,
High JOVE beheld her from his ſtarry ſeat,
And calld her DISSIPATION: Wylde and young
Still ſhalt Thou be, he ſaid; and this thy fate,
On Man thy ſleights employ, on Man that prowd ingrate.

XLIV.

All happineſſe he claims his virtues due;
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wiſh, whence ſorrow would enſue;
And idle ſtill his prayers invade my ſkies:
But bold and arduous muſt that virtue riſe
Which I accept, no vague inconſtant blaze.
Then be it Thine to ſpred before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitleſſe ſtill ſhall be that virtue thou canſt daze.

XLV.

So ſwore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he ſwore:
The Fates aſſented, and the Dæmon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The robe ſhe wore
Was ſtarrd with dewdrops, and of paleſt blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to ſnatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor ſtrays.

XLVI.

So ſhone the Nymph, and prankt in Pleaſures guize
With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth beſett;
Goodneſſe of Heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendſhip ever feels the drowſie fitt
Juſt when its powre to ſerve could ſerve a whitt.
And ſtill behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
That never will their yron ſcourge remitt,
Whenſo the Fiend reſigns her thralls to them:
Sad caſe, I weet, where ſtill Oneſelfe Oneſelfe muſt blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres reſignd;
In wanton dalliance firſt her nett ſhe ſpred,
And ſoon in mirthfull tumult on his mind
She ſoftlie ſtole: yet, while at times he ſped
To Contemplations bowre, his ſight ſhe fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durſt bide;
Yet homewards ſtill ſhe mett him in the glade,
And in the ſocial cup did ſlily glide,
And ſtill his beſt reſolves eſtſoons ſhe ſcatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as ſlowly fauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie muſefull ſtowre,
The ſmooth Deceiver gan his heart aſſail;
His heart ſoon felt the faſcinating powre:
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her ſea-greene hair;
The conſcious oakes above him ruſtling lowre,
And through the braunches ſighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant Jove rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inſpird,
All by the ſilent hill or murmuring ſtream,
Forſake him now; for all as loſt they deem:
So home he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote ſeem,
And with the Hunters ſoon full blythe was he,
The blytheſt wight of all that blytheſome companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen beſprent with ſilver hore;
Acroſs the ſtubble, bruſhing off the dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, ſagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The ſhott reſounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But ſtill the Younkling kills nor partridge, ſnipe, nor quail.

LI.

Yet ſtill the queint excuſe is at command;
The dog was raſh, a ſwallow twitterd by,
The gun hung fire, and keenneſs ſhook his hand,
And there the wind or buſhes hurt his eye.
So can the Knight his mind ſtill ſatisfye:
A lazie Fiend, Self Imposition hight,
Still whiſpers ſome excuſe, ſome gilden lye,
Himſelfe did gild to cheat himſelfe outright;
God help the man bewitchd in ſuch ungracious plight.

LII.

On Dissipation ſtill this Treachor waits,
Obſequiouſly behind at diſtance due;
And ſtill to Discontents accurſed gates,
The Houſe of Sorrow, theſe ungodlie Two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The Knight reſolvd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while ſtill his miſeries grew:
And now theſe Dæmons of the captive Mind
Him to the drery Cave of Discontent reſignd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and ſome exclude the Day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning ſeemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in ſight, with towres and caſtles gent,
A beauteous lawnſkepe roſe afore the dore,
The which to view ſo fayre the Captives grieved ſore.

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine ſhade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, ſome tents were ſpred;
Here ſat a Throng, with eager furious ſtare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes halfe dead,
Some drowſie Dronkards, looking black and red,
Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
A ſprightlie Troupe ſtill onward heedleſſe ſped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen;
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies I ween.

LV.

And oft, diſguſtfull of their various cares,
Into the Cave they wend with ſullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight moſt bace,
The Dronkard ſitts; there, ſhent with foul diſgrace,
The thriftleſſe Heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his Friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The Duelliſt raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vaine purſuits, the Maniack bends his head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell, with chalk he ſcrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree;
All that he wiſhd or feard his ghaſtlie walls
Preſent him ſtill, and mock his miſerie.
And there, ſelf-doomd, his curſed ſelfe to flee,
The Gameſter hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Dim ſeen, cold Horror gleams athwart th'unhallowed ſhade.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard ſatt,
His pining corſe a reſtleſſe ague ſhook,
And bliſtering ſores did all his carkas frett:
All with himſelfe he ſeemd in keen debate;
For ſtill the muſcles of his mouthe he drew
Ghaſtly and fell; and ſtill with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full ſore his ſores to view.

LVIII.

Yet not Himſelfe, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his wiſdom and his will arraign;
For boldly he the ways of God blaſphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild Selfe-pity would his eyes diſtain;
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with ſcalding teares his bleeding wound:
Such fierce Selfe-pity ſtill this Wights dire portaunce crownd.

LIX.

Near by there ſtood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the ſilver age, CONTENT did wonne;
This now was His: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever ſhun;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie ſeemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And ſuchlike was his Cave, that all with ſorrowes teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay Dissipation led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymphe from flight:
But now the late Obtruder ſhuns his ſight,
And dearly muſt be wooed: hard by the den,
Where liſtleſs Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A tranſient viſit ſometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he reard his ſlombering head,
The ghaſtly tyrant at his couch ſtood near;
And ay with ruthleſs clamour gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartſtrings tear:
See now, he ſayes, where ſetts thy vain career;
Approching elde now wings its cheerleſſe way,
Thy fruitleſſe Autumn gins to blanch thy heare,
And aged Winter aſks from Youth its ſtay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonourd gray.

LXII.

Thou haſt no friend!—ſtill on the worthleſſe Traine
Thy kindneſſe flowd, and ſtill with ſcorne repaid;
Even She on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even ſhe regards thee with a boſome dead
To kindly paſſion, and by motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negroe deems;
What profit ſtill can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles ſhe eſteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too! Heavens! what a hopeleſſe ſight!
Ah, wretched Syre!—but ever from this ſcene
The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
And in the Bowls wylde fever ſhuns his teene.
So paſs his dayes, while What he might have beene
Its beauteous views does every morne preſent:
So paſs his dayes, while ſtill the raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his eares, The brighteſt parts miſpent
Beget an hoarie age of griefe and diſcontent.

LXIV.

But boaſt not of ſuperiour ſhrewd addreſſe,
Ye who can calmly ſpurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe diſtreſſe
That cruſhes to the duſt the Parents head,
And rends that eaſie heart by You betrayd,
Boaſt not that Ye his numerous woes eſkew;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boaſt not his weakneſſe with contempt to view;
For worthy is He ſtill compard, perdie, to YOU.

Lately Publiſhed, by the ſame Author,

(Price One Guinea)

THE

LUSIAD;

OR, THE

DISCOVERY OF INDIA,

AN

EPIC POEM;

Tranſlated from the Original Portugueſe of LUIS DE CAMÖENS.